

THE BEMINISCENCES OF GAEL

SCHURZ

might he you." I replied that this could not be, as at that period

I was not in Germany. "Besides," I added,—a little impu-

dently perhaps,— "would you not have had me arrested as a

malefactor?" "Oh," he exclaimed with a good-natured laugh,

"you mistake me. I would not have done such a thing. You

mean on account of that Kinkel affair. Oh, no! I rather liked

that. And if it were not highly improper for His Majesty's

Minister and the Chancellor of the North-German Con-

federacy, I should like to go with you to Spandau and have

you tell me the whole story on the spot. Now let us sit down."

He pointed out to me an easy-chair close to his own and then

uncorked a Bottle which stood with two glasses on a tray at

his elbow* "You are a Rhinelander," he said, "and I know

you will relish this." We touched glasses, and I found the

wine indeed very excellent "You smoke, of course," he con-

tinued, "and here are some good Havanas. I used to be very

fond of them, hut I have a sort of superstitious helief that

every person is permitted to smoke only a certain number of

cigars in his life, and no more. I am afraid I have exhausted

my allowance, and now I take to the pipe." With a burning

strip of paper, called in German "Fidibus," he lighted the to-

bacco in the porcelain bowl of his long German student pipe

and presently blew forth huge clouds of smoke.

This done, he comfortably leaned back in his chair and

said: " Now tell me, as an American Republican
and a Forty-
eighter of the revolutionary kind, how the
present condition
of Germany strikes you. I would not ask you
that question/*
he added, " if you were a privy-counsellor (a
Geheinarath), for
I know what he would answer. But you will tell
me what you
really think," I replied that I had been in the
country only a few
weeks and had received only superficial
impressions, but I had
become sensible of a general atmosphere of
newly inspired

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